Hesperi-neso-graphia:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

Western Isle.

In EIGHT CANTO's.

By *W. M.*

Quicquid agunt homines; votum, timor, Ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus; nostri est farrago Libelli.

Juvenalis Sat. Pri.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by *J. Baker*, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1716.

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Hesperi-neso-graphia:

OR, THE WESTERN ISLE DESCRIB'D.

In Eight CANTO's.

CANTO I.

IN Western Isle renown'd for (Bogs,
For Tories, and for great (Wolf-Dogs,
For drawing Hobbies by the (Tail;
And threshing Corn with (fiery Flail.
Where Beer, and Curds, for Truth I tell it,
Are made without Pot, or Skillet,
And without Pan, and without Kettle,
Or any thing that's made of Mettle;
Where, in some Places, Cows shite Fire,
And Dogs such Soap as some desire;

And where, in Bowels of the Ground,
There are great Heaps of Butter found,
Of which, with Blood of living Beaſt,
The Natives make a dainty Feaſt;
And where, in leathern hairy Boat,
O'er threatning Waves bold Mortals float
Like *Gulls*, who never yet were found,
By Strength of Water, to be drown'd;
And free from Fear, and Danger ride
On Back of Waves 'gainſt Wind and Tide;
And where the Mountains, once a Year,
In Flames like *Ætna*, do appear;
And burn (believe me) Day and Night,
To Strangers a moſt dreadful Sight;
Once *Gillo* liv'd, the Son of *Shane*,
Who was the Son of *Patrick Bane*,
Who was the Son of *Teige*, the Tory,
Who, to his great and endleſs Glory,
Out of a Buſh a Shot let fly,
And kill'd a Man that paſſed by,
For which he was advanced high.
This *Teige* was Son to *Gill-chriſt*,
And he the Son of *Hugh* the Prieſt;
For Prieſts in *Shamrogſhire*, they ſay,
Can Women kiſs as well as pray.
This *Hugo*, rampant Prieſt, was Son,
And only Heir to *Dermot Dun*,
Who was the Son of *Teige Mc. Shane*,
Who was the Son of *Terlaugh Grane*,
Who was the Son of *Phelim Fad*,
Who, on each Hand, Six Fingers had;
Could twiſt Horſe-Shoes, and at one Meal,
With Eaſe, could eat the greateſt Veal;
With's Head, inſtead of Hammer, cou'd
Knock Nail into a Piece of Wood,
And with his Teeth, without leaſt Pain,
Could pull the Nail from thence again.
This Monſter ſprung from *Laughlin Crone*,
A greater Thief was never known,

For

For in his Trade he had ſuch Skill,
That he a ſtollen Cow could kill,
For ſhift, with Mantle and a Stone,
A Way to former Thieves unknown;
And *Laughlin* ſprung from *Manus Row*,
Who valu'd neither Froſt nor Snow;
His Feet they were ſo callous grown,
That he could kick at Ice or Stone;
And therefore, in the coldeſt Weather,
Did never wear one Bit of Leather.
This *Manus*, from *Mulroony* came,
A Man of no ignoble Fame;
For, begging Learning in the Schools,
He learnt at length the Grammar-Rules,
And, without doubt, had ſo much Senſe,
To form a Verb through Mood and Tenſe;
Nay, ſome do ſay, that he was able
To moralize an *Æſop*'s Fable;
And tho' he had *Corderius* read,
He often broke poor *Priſcian*'s Head;
And yet the Mob admir'd his Senſe,
His *Latin*, and his Eloquence;
Becauſe, at Fairs, he did diſpute,
Where he ſome School-Boys did confute.
Of him this alſo can be ſaid,
That near *Benbolben* he was bred,
Where *Phin Mc.cooll* was buried;
Who kill'd more mighty Giants, than
Were ever killed by mortal Man.
This learn'd *Mullroony*, was the Son
Of *Bryan Mirgah* of *Glooncun*;
Who was admir'd for nothing more,
Than for the Kindneſs, which he bore
To butter'd Meal, and blood-raw Meat,
Which he for conſtant Food did eat;
Affirming, that all Meat was ſpoiled,
That either roaſted was or boyled.
His *Oſtridge* Stomach had ſuch Heat,
It could digeſt the hardeſt Meat.

I could as well trace out the Blood
Of *Gillo* up to *Noah*'s Flood,
As *Britiſh* Authors, who pretend
That they from *Trojans* did deſcend;
But that wou'd be a tedious Task,
Therefore your Pardon I muſt ask,
And leave't, to be performed by
Some Tracer of Antiquity.

CANTO II.

AND now kind Nymphs of *Benbow-Hill*,
And *Patrick*'s Rick, my Fancy fill
With Thoughts, that may procure Delight
To Quaker, or to Anchorite.
Your Aid, I may implore as well,
As of thoſe Laſſes, who do dwell
On Mount *Parnaſſus*, or upon
The famous Mount of *Helicon*.
For you and they alike diſpence
To teeming Brains your Influence;
And *Patrick*'s Fount, near which you dwell,
Inſpires, and quenches Thirſt, as well
As that fictitious Horſes Fount,
By Poets held in great Account;
Who, in their Maggot-bitten Pate,
New Hills and Fountains do create;
And tell how on a Hill, by Dream
A Cowherd Man of Wit became,
Who, waking, ſung ſuch lofty Strains,
That charm'd the Nymphs, and all the Swains.
In ſpacious Plain, within a Wood
And Bog, the Houſe of *Gillo* ſtood;
A Houſe well built, and of much Strength,
Almoſt Two Hundred Foot in Length:
A Houſe with Mountains fortify'd,
Which in the Clouds their Heads did hide.

At one of th'Ends he kept his Cows,
At th' other End he and his Spouſe
On Bed of Straw, without leaſt Grumble,
Nay, with Delight, did often tumble;
Without Partition, or a Skreen,
Or ſpreading Curtain drawn between;
Without Concern expos'd they lay,
Becauſe it was their Country Way;
And when Occaſion did require,
In midſt of Houſe a mighty Fire,
Of black dry'd Earth and ſwingeing Blocks
Was made, enough to roaſt an Ox;
From whence aroſe ſuch Clouds of Smoak,
As either me or you wou'd choak:
But *Gillo* and his Train inur'd
To Smoak, the ſame with Eaſe endur'd;
For ſitting low, on Ruſhes ſpread,
The Smoak ſtill hover'd over head;
And did more Good than real Harm,
Becauſe it kept the long Houſe warm,
And never made their Heads to ake;
Therefore no Chimney he wou'd make.
And thus for Smoak, altho' 'twas dear,
He paid Four Shillings every Year;
And tho' his Wife no Muſlin wore,
Nor Silk, ſhe was all ſpotted o'er
With new made Ermin, which did fall
From Roof of Houſe and Side of Wall,
Which was with Cow-Dung plaiſter'd round,
With which the Houſe did ſtill abound.
Yet not ſo cloſe but that the Smoak,
Being long confin'd, through Crannies broke,
And through the ſoft and ſ———n pores,
And through the Windows and the Doors,
Through which the Wind ſo faſt did blow,
That for his Life no Man could know
Whether of both, with leſſer Pain,
The Smoak or Wind he cou'd ſuſtain.
But when the ſcorching Fire burnt clear,
The rowling Smoak did diſappear,

And vaniſh into Air, that you
Each Object could diſtinctly view;
As when a mighty Morning-Fog
Sits brooding on a plaſhy Bog,
So dark, ſo cloſe and ſolid, that
You ſcarce can tell me what from what,
Until Don *Phœbus*, to allay
His burning Thirſt, drinks all away.
By this now think, that you behold
The ſmoaky Darkneſs, I have told;
And if perhaps you do admire,
That this great Houſe did ne'er take Fire,
Where Sparks, as thick as Stars in Sky,
About the Houſe did often fly,
And reache the ſapleſs wither'd Thatch,
Which like dry Spunge the Fire would catch,
And where no Chimney was erected,
Where Sparks and Flame might be directed;
St. *Bridget*'s Croſs hung over Door,
Which did the Houſe from Fire ſecure,
As *Gillo* thought, O powerful Charm!
To keep a Houſe from taking Harm:
And though the Dogs and Servants ſlept,
By *Bridget*'s Care the Houſe was kept.
Directly under *Bridget*'s Croſs,
Was firmly nail'd the Shoe of Horſe
On Threſhold, that the Houſe might be
From Witches, Thieves, and Devils free;
For *Patrick* o'er the Iron did pray,
And made it holy, as they ſay;
And baniſht from the Hills and Bogs,
All ſort of Serpents, Toads, and Frogs.
By Croſs and Iron: You may gueſs,
What Faith this *Gillo* did profeſs;
A Faith St. *Paul* did never teach,
Altho' to *Romans* he did preach;
A Faith that makes you to deny,
The Teſtimonium of your Eye;
A Faith obliges you to pray,
Altho' you know not what you ſay;

A Faith

A Faith which to the Mother Maid
Commands Ten Ave's ſhould be ſaid;
And that we only ſhould direct
One Pater to the Architect
Of Heaven, from whom our Life doth flow,
And ten to one is Odds you know.
But let his Faith be good or bad,
He in his Houſe great Plenty had
Of burnt Oat-Bread, and Butter found,
With Garlick mixt, in boggy Ground;
So ſtrong, a Dog with Help of Wind,
By ſcenting out, with Eaſe might find.
And this they count the braveſt Meat,
That hungry Mortal e'er did eat.
This grunting Sow would ſooner take,
And eat a T——d than Sugar-Cake.

CANTO III.

NOW liſten well and you ſhall hear,
With what vaſt prodigious Chear,
And with what Heaps of various Meat,
His Friends, and Neighbours he did treat.
The Day of Feaſting come, each Man,
Invited to the Dinner, ran
With winged haſt, and with his Skeen;
Or rather Cleaver ſharp and keen.
Moſt of the Gueſts their Umbra's brought,
And Sauce that never Money bought;
Great Heaps of thick three corner'd Bread,
And hairy Butter Van did lead.
Next came the Fleſh of Mountain Goat,
As rank as ever ſlipt down Throat.
And then Four Quarters of a Foal,
And Three ſing'd Sheep entire and whole.
Then Four great Swine, as fat and good
As ever rutted in a Wood;

(Or

(Or turn'd the Earth of Garden, where
Belov'd Potatoes growing were)
Came in, on brawning Shoulders born,
And laid in Loſſels to be torn;
Of which but only Two were cut
In Joints, and in large Platters put:
The other Two march'd in entire,
And piping hot from ſcorching Fire.
Of Beef, there was Abundance more
Than Twenty *Dudley*'s could devour,
And *Toms* to help him, whom they tell,
All Men in eating could excel.
Abortive, well ſmoak'd ſhrivell'd Calf,
A rary Show whereat to laugh,
Brought up the Reer in ſtately wiſe:
But not a Gueſt it did ſurprize;
For they, 'bove any Nation,
Love Meat dreſt by Fumigation.
And hence they took Occaſion, to
Admire what Smoke (like Salt) could do.
Beſides all this, vaſt Bundles came
Of Sorrel, more than I can name;
And many Sheaves, I hear, there was
Of Shamrogs, and of Water-Graſs,
Which there for curious Sallads paſs.
Yet this great Feaſt was not compleat,
Unleſs they had the following Meat;
I'lands of Curds did float in Sea
Of hot, and ſweet cerulian Whey.
Of Ruſhes there was Benches made,
On which the Meat was partly laid:
But all the Mutton that was ſing'd,
Was laid on Doors that were unhing'd;
So that we all may truly ſay,
Gillo kept open Houſe that Day.
The reſt was plac't in ſtately ſort
On Planks which Firkins did ſupport;
As for the Gueſts, when Grace was ſaid,
And all in *Latin* Tongue had pray'd,

Some

Some ran to this, ſome ran to that,
And what they catcht, they thereon ſat;
Some ſat on Stones, ſome ſat on Blocks,
Some ſat on Churns, ſome on Wheel-Stocks;
Some ſat on Cars, ſome on Ladders,
And, for ſhift, ſome ſat on Madders.
Of which Utenſils, at the Feaſt,
There was that Day Threeſcore at leaſt.
The brisk young Sparks, with their kind Wench-
Did place themſelves on ruſhy Benches; (es,
And as they, from their Eyes, did dart
Such pointed Flame as wounds the Heart;
So, by ſharp pointed Ruſhes they
Their mutual Flame did well convey.
The Rabble, and the brawny Kearns
Well pleas'd, ſat down on Heaps of Fearns;
Gillo the noble, as moſt fit,
At Head of all the Gueſts did ſit:
At Head of Table, I'll not ſay,
For in his Houſe was none that Day;
But thoſe at which the Gameſters play.
In mighty State, by *Gillo*'s Side,
Her Sexe's Envy, th'Iſland's Pride;
Fair *Shuan*, *Gillo*'s Wife took Place,
Deſcended from *Milleſian* Race.
They both on Bench of Ruſhes ſat,
Commixt with Flags, both wonderous fat;
His Hair was black, but hers as red
As ever grew on Woman's Head.
He ſwarthy was, ſhe wond'rous fair,
As many in that I'land are.
Her Legs were ſhort, and fat, 'tis true,
And to a mighty Thickneſs grew,
As did her bulky Waſte, which ſcarce
With claſped Hands you cou'd embrace.
Her Head Ten Hundred Linnen bound,
As white and fine as could be found.
But his indented Cappeen wore,
Which he had never us'd before;

'Twas

'Twas of fine Frize, and without doubt,
Adorn'd with curious Cuts about;
As was the new made Brogues, which they
Both wore for Honour of the Day.
On Neckcloth she much Ermin bore,
But such as you have heard before.
Black hafted Knife and Keys were ty'd,
With leathern Pouch, unto her Side;
In which a black, short dirty Pipe
She kept, which she did never wipe.
For being short, it warm'd her Nose,
When 'ere she smoak'd, altho' it froze;
And from its wheezing Throat she drew,
Most grateful Blasts of darkish blue.
Into this Purse, when there was need,
She put long Twists of *Indian* Weed;
And into it did often thrust
Full Bladders of Tobacco Dust.
Her Beads moreover in it lay,
Unless when she was pleas'd to pray;
And Dice for Gamesters, as they say.
And in it she, with Care, did put
Her Money, and her double Nut;
A holy Hazle-Nut, that she
Might be from all Misfortune free.
About his Neck, he wore the Fur
Of Fox, some say, of Water-Cur.
By *Gossip*'s Hand, he oft did swear
He no Cravat nor Band wou'd wear
That was of Hemp, or Nettles made,
For which great Beaus have dearly paid.
Close by his Side, there hung a Skeen
With wooden Haft, both long and keen,
Which in Rencounters oft had been.
Which was for many Uses good,
It cut great Wattles in the Wood;
And it was very useful found,
To dig long Parsnips out of Ground.
With it, and with his Thumb, he spread
His Butter often on his Bread.

With

With it he cut, and ſtab'd the Throats
Of Cows and Sheep, of Hogs and Goats;
Potatoes dug, and ſcrap'd away
From's half tann'd Brogues both Dung and Clay.
Her Lee-waſht plaited Treſſes hung,
That Day, from Shoulder to her Bum;
In which ſhe took no little Pride,
As in her Banlon-Garb beſide.
His Hair, inſtead of growing down,
Grew creeping upwards tow'rds his Crown,
In curling Circles; but his Beard
With melted Butter all beſmear'd,
That he with fewer Tugs and Eaſe
Might comb and rid it from the Fleas,
Grew dangling down, ſo long and black,
That he could tye't behind his Back.
Being thus equipt, and ſeated all,
With Hands and Teeth they to it fall,
And loſt no Time; this hacks, that cuts,
And longs to fill his craving Guts.
Another, loſt his Knife, doth ſwear,
And nimbly does begin to tear
With Claws, and Tusks, without Remorſe,
This ſwallows like the Tyrant's Horſe
Of cruel *Thrace*, who, for his Meat,
The Fleſh of Man did often eat.
On fatteſt Pork, with Butter ſpread,
One feeds without a Bit of Bread.
With eager Haſte ſome feed on Beef,
For hungry Maw the beſt Relief;
Yet from the Foal cou'd not refrain,
But eat until they ſweat again.
By Strength of Teeth, well ſet in Gum,
The rough skin'd Mutton was o'ercome.
This bawls to's Friend with open Throat,
To help, to help him with ſome Goat;
Which he prefers, he ſwears, before
The Beef, the Mutton, or the Boar.
Another frets, and fumes, becauſe
The Foal was buried in their Maws;

Before he got one Bit to eat
Of that moſt rare inviting Meat.
The Curds, and all the three leav'd Graſs
With Lumps of Butter eaten was.
This Way of eating is thought beſt,
For Meat not eaſie to digeſt.
Of Bonny Clabber, at this Feaſt,
Was lap'd Three Barrels at the leaſt,
Beſide the Butter-Milk and Whey,
As Authors of good Credit ſay.
Now *Gillo* noble, free, and brave,
A Hundred Thouſand Welcomes gave
To every Friend, and Neighbour, that
Came there to eat, to drink, and chat;
And for ſtrong Uſquebah doth call,
And gives his Service to them all.
The Cup went round, and round again,
A noble Cup, that cou'd contain
A Pint, which every Man did drain,
With as much Eaſe as any here
Could drink new Milk or Table-Beer.
Mean while the Harp, conjoin'd with Voice,
Thro' all the Houſe made charming Noiſe;
Of ſuch Effect, that it did make
Moſt of the Gueſts their Heels to ſhake:
Nay, Trump it ſelf, there ſeldom fails
To make old Women bob their Tails.
To Dancing they are ſo inclin'd,
That even the very Lame and Blind,
If Trump or Bag-Pipe they do hear,
In dancing Poſture do appear:
As ſtrange their Steps, their Shape and Mien,
As e'er in Beggars Buſh was ſeen;
Baldoyle, or yellow Stockings plaid
Gives nimble Feet to every Maid,
And Younker, who ſuch Pains do take
In friſking, that they often leak,
And render Savour from behind
Let out ſome Puffs of ſtiffled Wind;

And

And after all, 'tis there confeſt,
The longeſt Dancer dances beſt.
Gillo, to dance was often pray'd,
Courted, and pull'd by every Maid;
But he, by holy Veſtment, ſwore,
And's Beard, he'd never dance, before
Ignatius, or his Father *James*
Came ſailing up the rowling *Thames*,
In Pomp and Grandour to obtain
His ancient Crown, and Right again.
With that he thumpt his angry Breaſt,
And ſaid, my Soul ſhall ne'er take Reſt;
Nor ſhall my Beard divorced be
From Chin, till I that Day do ſee.
At this he ſwore by *Patrick*'s Tooth,
And by black Bell, which finds out Truth;
And by the Bones of one St. *Ruth*,
Whoſe Sword, and Hands, was often wet
With reeking Blood of Hugonet;
And who to *James* was firm and good,
Whilſt Head upon his Shoulders ſtood;
Whoſe Bones expos'd to every Eye
In *Aghrims* Plains, now blanching ly.

CANTO IV.

THE Gueſts perceiving *Gillo*'s Mind
Not, like to theirs, to Mirth inclin'd;
And finding that his penſive Breaſt,
With Grief and Care was much oppreſt;
(For he by Intervals wou'd grone,
And ſigh, and ſob, and cry O hone)
Struck up with all their Harps and Trumps,
To drive away his doleful Dumps:
Which, in great Meaſure, might deſtroy
Their Dancing, Muſick, and their Joy;

And us'd all Means they could invent,
T'incline him to ſome Merriment;
And all thoſe Paſſions to aſſwage,
Which in his troubled Soul did rage,
And play'd the cruel Tyrant there,
As Sorrow, Diſcontent, and Fear,
And Hope, ſucceeded by Deſpair.
Romantick Tales they to him told,
Of Giants, in the Days of old,
Whoſe Legs by much were longer, than
The Height even of the talleſt Man.
Whoſe monſtrous Teeth, with which they tore,
Were long as Tusks of any Boar.
How one of them did break the Skull,
With's Fiſt, of a robuſtious Bull:
And on his Shoulders bore the Beaſt,
Twice Fourteen Furlongs at the leaſt,
Unto his Cave, and as ſome ſay,
Did eat him ev'ry Bit that Day.
The next ſtrange Story, which his Ears
Receiv'd, was of ſome Wolves and Bears,
Who once were Men of Worth and Fame,
But, by Inchantment, Brutes became;
And wou'd (if Tales ſing Truth) obtain
Their former human Shape again.
That then through all the *Weſtern* Ground,
The crooked Harp with Joy ſhould ſound;
And that a Monarch of their own
Should ſit upon the *Weſtern* Throne,
And drive from thence, by Force, all thoſe
That would his powerful Arms oppoſe.
Then he was told how by a Fart,
Diſcharg'd from Bum of *Ow'n Mc. Art*,
Aſham'd he from the Country fled,
(His Wife and Friends where he was bred)
And there ne're ſince has ſhew'd his Head.
Nor can, by ſtricteſt Search, be found
Either above or under Ground.
Yet all theſe Tales, Sports, Methods fail'd,
But only this, which ſoon prevail'd.

To

To you, quoth one, dear Sir, I bring
The Health of *James*, once *Albion*'s King;
'Tis *Aqua Vitæ*, mixt with Beer,
Which will your drooping Spirits cheer:
Take Courage Man, caſt Care away,
Our holy Prieſts and Prophets ſay,
It will be ours another Day.
Tho' now the Sun his Head doth ſhroud
Behind a gloomy weeping Cloud,
Yet he'll break forth with glorious Light
At length, and put thoſe Clouds to Flight.
Said *Gillo*, let me ne'er have Wealth,
Nor Strength, if I refuſe this Health.
With that to's Lips he put the Cup,
And briskly turn'd the Bottom up:
Then ſtrictly charg'd, that every Man
Shou'd drink the Health which he began.
Next Health was drunk to Prince of *Wales*,
Whoſe Birth occaſion'd many Tales.
Then *Berwick*'s Duke was not forgot,
To whom each Man drunk of his Pot.
To *France*'s *Hector*, and the Pope;
In whom ſtood now their only Hope;
With one Conſent, and joyful Wiſh,
They all drank off a hearty Diſh;
And *Shuan*'s Health they did not miſs.
Then *Gillo*'s Health, who made the Feaſt,
Was ſwallow'd down three Times at leaſt:
Him all the Gueſts did thank and praiſe,
And wiſht him Health and *Neſtor*'s Days.
To *Gillo*'s Friends, and many more
To whom they any Kindneſs bore,
They many wooden Cups did drain,
To the Diſturbance of their Brain;
Which made their Hearts with Joy abound,
And all the Houſe with Noiſe reſound.
While all theſe welcome Draughts went round,
The Trumps and brazen Wires did ſound.
Now *Gillo*'s Heart was grown ſo glad,
That he forgot that he was ſad;

And bid his Gueſts be of good Cheer,
And never ſpare his Dram, and Beer.
For he was generous and free,
And given to Hoſpitality,
As all within that Iſland be.
And in his Cups he was as ſtout,
And brave as any thereabout;
He neither Man, nor Beaſt did dread,
Nor any thing that wore a Head.
He oft engag'd with furious Hogs,
With Wolves, and Cats, and maſtive Dogs.
At ev'ry Fair, both far and near,
To drink and fight he did appear.
He never from a Barrel went
Until he ſaw the Sediment;
And was ſo noble, brave, and great,
That he moſt commonly would treat;
Scorning hugely it ſhould be ſaid,
That any but his Worſhip paid
The Reck'ning, tho' he ſold a Cow,
Or for it did a Horſe allow;
For which the Poets of thoſe Times
Extoll'd him with their fulſome Rimes,
And did immortalize his Name,
In ev'ry Place where e'er they came.
And at theſe Fairs he ne'er was ſeen
Without a Cudgel and a Skeen;
A Cudgel of hard Thorn or Oak,
With which he many Craniums broke:
With Skeen he'd ſtab and charge a Rout,
And often let their Blood come out.
The Guards and Friends that did attend
His Corps, with Forty might contend,
Which made him bold, yet he'd the Fate
Still to come home with broken Pate.
At Swabbers he did often play,
And dear Five Cards, both Night and Day;
And when his Money all was gone,
Would pawn the Cloaths his Back upon;

And

And in his Bed wou'd then remain
Until he was new rigg'd again.
He was a Diſputant, as great
As ever held with Man Debate.
He ſwore all Scholars were mere Fools
And Dunces, without Grammar-Rules;
All which he cou'd repeat, as well
As you the Days of Week can tell.
He Queſtions puts in th' Accidence,
Wou'd puzzle Men of better Senſe.
If you cou'd not reſolve him what
Was *Latin* for a *Civet-Cat*,
A Ladle, or a Frying-Pan,
A Spigget, Bung-Hole, or a Fan;
He judg'd you no ingenious Man:
Your Ignorance he'd ridicule,
And ſay you loſt your Time at School.
In all the Iſland none was found,
In Tropes of Rhetorick ſo profound;
He ſeldom any Sentence ſpoke,
Without a Figure or a Trope;
And tho' he Maſter was of Schemes
And Tropes, he made moſt ſcurvy Themes:
The Earth-bred Boar in *Neptun*'s Floods
He'd paint, and Dolphin in the Woods.
When e'er he Verſes wou'd compoſe,
Above all Poſtures this he choſe;
On's Back he did extended lye,
Gazing upon the vaulted Skie:
On's Belly lay a ponderous Stone,
Which made him pant, and puff, and groan,
And often made him cry O Hone.
He then unto *Lucina* pray'd,
Who was a Midwife, as 'tis ſaid,
That ſhe might give him ſo much Strength,
To bring ſome Iſſue forth at length.
The Siſters of the forked Hill
He often begg'd t'aſſiſt his Quill,
And he their Servant wou'd remain,
If they wou'd fertilize his Brain.

Pal-

Pallas, who, from her Father's Head,
Her being had, he worſhipped;
And many fine things to her ſaid.
If Cat, or Dog, or Monkey dy'd,
His Wit on them he exercis'd;
And all the Rimes he on them writ,
Tho' paultry Stuff, he ſwore was Wit;
And in all Places where he came,
With Grace wou'd ſtill repeat the ſame.
In Logick he was ſo acute,
No Man on Earth cou'd him confute;
He was ſo inſolent and proud,
And ſpoke ſo faſt, and bawl'd ſo loud,
That he with Eaſe, what any ſaid
Suppreſt, and knockt his Reaſons dead.
The *Stagirite* he followed cloſe,
And wrote of him in Verſe and Proſe;
Whate'er he ſaid, he did defend,
And for his Tenents wou'd contend
With all the Sophiſts of that Age,
If any durſt with him engage,
And with loud Bawling ſtruck them mute,
Whene'er he did with them diſpute:
And when his Arguments were gone
And ſpent, he this rely'd upon;
Ipſe dixit: 'Tis true, therefore
I've gain'd the Point, I'll hear no more.
Of Univerſals he wou'd prate
Of Subjects, and of Predicate;
Of Beings, which we only find
To have Exiſtence in the Mind.
He Paradoxes many held,
Wherein he wou'd not be refell'd;
To ſhew his Skill he'd undertake
To prove a Gooſe, to be a Drake;
An Eel, to be a Water-Snake:
And often ſmartly argu'd, that
An Owl was but a flying Cat;
And that a Horſe, of Colour white,
Was black as Pitch, or darkeſt Night.

All

All Schools of Note he did frequent,
Only for Sake of Argument;
And there did syllogize as fast
As Words out of his Mouth did cast:
And, as I told you, he was free,
And full of Hospitality;
But he was never freer than
When he had hold of Pot and Can;
He then wou'd promise Cows and Sheep,
But never did his Promise keep;
He promis'd Corn, and Flax, and Meal,
But in his Promise still did fail:
Whene'er the Donces came to get
The many Gifts they did expect,
He fairly put them off with that
Old Story of the Mouse and Cat.
A rambling Mouse, as Fables tell,
By chance into a Gile-Tub fell;
And being ready now to sink,
And perish in the frothy Drink,
A watchful Cat came walking by,
And Mouse, poor Mouse, in Drink did spy;
Who, stooping down, with grasping Claw,
The Mouse out of the Tub did draw;
And purring o'er the half drown'd Prey,
Resolv'd the same in haste to slay:
But captive Mouse, a Mouse of Sense,
Stratagem, breeding Eloquence;
On bended Knees, in humble wise,
With Sighs, and Groans, and weeping Eyes,
T'insulting Cat, thus faintly cries;
Renowned Cat, whose grave Aspect
And Whiskers do deserve Respect,
My Life I beg, pray don't defile
Your Mouth with me, not worth your While;
For I am lean, and unfit Meat
For you (most noble Cat) to eat:
Dismiss me now, I promise that
As soon as I grow plump and fat,

I'll

I'll either come where you do dwell;
Or, if you pleaſe, call at my Cell;
And I with my young Brood of Mice
Will come and die your Sacrifice;
Then you may eat me with Delight,
And ſport, and revel all the Night;
With all the young ſoft tender Brood,
For hungry Cat, a grateful Food.
The Cat being pleas'd with this Harangue,
The flatt'ring Words of Mouſe's Tongue,
Diſmiſt her ſtreight, without leaſt Harm,
Who reel'd away bedaub'd with Barm;
And tho' ſhe tript, and often fell,
Yet ſafely crept into her Cell;
And told her longing Children what
Had paſt between her and the Cat.
The young Ones hearing what ſhe ſaid,
Shed Tears, and hugely were afraid;
Mother, quoth they, if you make good
Your Word, you're guilty of our Blood.
Peace, Fools, ſaid ſhe, and be not ſad,
I never yet was half ſo mad;
I'll diſappoint the Cat, be ſure,
Therefore rejoice and reſt ſecure.
Within ſome Days, credulous Cat,
Suppoſing now her Mouſe was fat,
With Hunger pincht, came to the Cave
Of Mouſe, and did her *Præmium* crave:
To whom the Mouſe made Anſwer thus;
Be gone from hence, thou ſilly Puſs.
The World might think me mad indeed,
To let you on my Body feed;
Therefore be gone, and never think
I'll promiſe keep was made in Drink.

CANTO

CANTO V.

NOW, by this Time, the Gueſts ſo faſt
Had drunk, that ſome began to caſt
Their Drink, and Gobbets of crude Meat,
Which they like greedy Hounds did eat;
And having now their Stomachs clear,
Began afreſh to drink more Beer
And Dram, which they prefer to Sack,
To beſt Frontignan or Pontack;
Some to depreſs th'aſcending Fume,
Great Pills of Butter do conſume;
Some quite o'ercome, no farther ſtept,
But where they drank, they fell and ſlept,
And others into Corners crept.
The tough Virago's never miſt
One Cup, and where they ſat, they piſt
At ſuch a Rate, that where they trod,
They cou'd not chooſe but be wetſhod:
For Cuſtom in that *Weſtern* Place,
Makes this no Scandal, nor Diſgrace.
This Tyrant makes ſome Women ride
On Horſeback, with their Legs aſtride;
And makes the *Hamburg* Froes to roar
With thund'ring Noiſe from poſtern Door.
Now every Gueſt, by Pow'r of Drink,
Himſelf both wiſe, and rich doth think;
The Coward now new Courage gains,
By ev'ry Maddar that he drains,
And talks of nothing but Campaigns;
Of dreadful War, of Blood and Arms,
Of Ambuſcado's and Alarms;
Of deep Intrenchments, batt'ring Guns,
Loud echoing Trumpets, rattling Drums;
Of levelling Caſtles with the Ground,
Where Treaſures in great Heaps were found;
Of blowing Men into the Air,
And charging on the Front and Reer;

Of

Of Stratagems, of Spies, and Scouts,
Of Counterſcarps and ſtrong Redoubts;
Of Palliſado's: then takes up
A wooden large four corner'd Cup,
From which he draws a hearty Sup;
Which made his Cheeks begin to ſwell,
And made him many Wonders tell.
He ſwears the Drink was good and ſound,
And makes a friendly Health go round;
Which done, his Tongue doth louder tattle
Of's great Exploits in *Aghrim* Battle;
And tells, tho' not a Word is true,
How many Skulls he ſplit in two;
How with one Stroke the Head of Horſe
He, from his Body, did divorce;
And how the Horſe, depriv'd of Head,
Like Lightning with his Rider fled:
I'm ſure, ſaid he, and then he ſwore,
The Horſe ne'er ran ſo faſt before;
And brag'd what Duels he had fought,
And what great Honour Home had brought
And what brave Men in martial Field
Unto his conq'ring Sword did yield;
How by his Valour he did fight,
And put a Hundred Men to Flight;
And that he did no Giant fear,
Nor *Spaniſh* Bull, nor *Northern* Bear;
When 'twas to Men of Credit known,
He firſt of all ran from *Athlone*;
For when he heard the roaring Cannon,
Saw Men like Otters croſs the *Shannon*,
His winged Heels, ne'er ſtopt until
He hid himſelf in *Aghrim* Mill;
From whence he never rais'd his Head,
Until that Fight was finiſhed;
Where Thouſands on both Sides lay ſlain,
And by their Deaths did Honour gain.
Yet this rank Coward ſtill proceeds,
To bawl aloud his valiant Deeds,

Whic

Which he, with Loſs of Blood, perform'd
When ſuch and ſuch a Place was ſtorm'd.
And having drain'd another Bowl,
Which did enlarge his lying Soul,
He this, perhaps true Story told:
That on their Beds, he murder'd Six-
Teen damn'd, rebellious Hereticks.
At which Expreſſion, then the Croud
For's Father's Soul pray'd all aloud.
Redmundo, Man of Courage bold,
From laughing loudly cou'd not hold,
When *Bruno* theſe vain Stories told;
And ſaid, if Valour does conſiſt
In running from a Battle firſt,
Like fearful Hare, who, running ſhews
Her Scut unto the Hounds, her Foes;
And ſquats for Fear, (in boggy Ground,
Or Rocks, or Woods) not to be found;
Then who'll deny! what Man will doubt
But you are forward, brave, and ſtout?
Bruno began to ſwear and huff,
To clinch his Fiſt, to fret and puff,
And lookt as he reſolv'd to cuff;
And call'd *Redmundo* baſe and rude,
For this his bold Similitude;
And often ſwore, by all that's good,
For this Affront, he'd have his Blood:
He'd cut the Ears out of his Head,
And ſlit his Noſe for what he ſaid;
And threatn'd oft, to make him feel
The Fury of his edged Steel.
Redmundo ſaid, he did not fear
To meet him when he pleas'd, and where;
And for his Threats, and ruſty Sword,
He ſwore he cared not a T——d.
And thus proceeds t'affront him more,
For want of Courage, than before.
To *Fergus* Rock, when Siege was laid,
No mortal Wight was more afraid;

For when you heard the Cannons roar,
The Standers by you did implore
To cover all your Body o'er
With more Cow-Hides, than e'er were on
Ajax the Son of *Telamon*.
Bruno reply'd, *Redmundo* was
A Fool, a Coxcomb, and an Aſs;
For *Ajax* was a Man of Senſe,
And us'd thoſe Skins for his Defence;
For which he never yet was blam'd,
But for his Wit, and Valour fam'd:
And if I *Ajax* Pattern made,
No Man for this ſhou'd me upbraid;
Whoever therefore ſays, that I
A Coward am, in's Throat doth lye.
Redmundo ſaid, it is confeſt
That *Ajax* bore upon his Breaſt
Of Seven Bull-Hides a mighty Shield
When e'er he fought in open Field:
But under Heaps of Hides you lay
Conceal'd like Coward, Cap——a——pe.
From hence a Man, with Eaſe, may tell,
The Caſes are not parallel
'Twixt you and *Ajax*: He at *Troy*,
So many *Trojans* did deſtroy
By's Valour, that his very Name
A Terror to his Foes became:
But you, poor Soul! at Noiſe of Gun,
As ſwift as Lightning oft did run;
Nor in the Field did ever ſtay
To ſee the End of any Fray,
But like your ſelf ran ſtill away.
And for your Lye, I this return:
With that the Bottom of a Churn,
Which did ſupply a Trencher's Place,
He flung, which hit the Bully's Face,
And made him roar, as when a Bull
Is knock'd by Butcher on the Skul.
I'm kill'd, quoth he, I'm dead, I'm dead,
The Blood comes ſtreaming from my Head;

A Prieſt, a Prieſt, my Sins muſt I
To him confeſs before I dye.
As thus he ſpoke, his pond'rous Bum
With Force unto the Earth did come;
But by Degrees he gather'd Strength,
And came unto himſelf at length:
And where he lay, by chance he found
A wooden Piſs-Pot on the Ground;
Which, by the Ear, he graſped faſt,
And ſtarting up, at's Foe did caſt,
With as good Will as *Turnus* flung
A mighty Stone at *Venus* Son.
The Pot let looſe, With Urine flies,
And hits *Redmundo* 'twixt the Eyes;
Whereby his Front was ſlightly bruis'd,
But by the Liquor it transfus'd,
His Eyes moſt ſtrangely were abus'd.
He rub'd and winkt and rub'd again,
But ſtill his Eyes ſuch pricking Pain
Endured, that he cou'd not view
The Perſon which the Piſspot threw.
And now, ſad chance! was fit enough
To ſtalk or play at Blindman's Buff.
Gillo, like Man of *Gotham* wiſe,
With Dram was pleas'd to waſh his Eyes;
And ſaid, he heard a Midwife tell
One Heat, another doth expel:
Which made him fret, and ſwear, and curſe,
Becauſe his Eyes were ten Times worſe;
And made him ſtalk and grope about,
Like *Polyphem* when's Eye was out.
Bruno was glad to ſee his Foe,
By Dram and Urine brought ſo low;
And ſtrutted like a Cock of Game,
When he his Conqueſt doth proclaim,
By clapping of his flutt'ring Wings,
And by the Triumph which he ſings:
He laugh'd, until his Bowels ſhook
To ſee the Pains the other took,

To clear his Eyes from Smart and Pain,
Which whilſt they ſadly did ſuſtain
He wou'd have lent him many Blows,
But that the Gueſts did interpoſe;
And from a long ſharp pointed Knife,
They kindly ſav'd the Blindman's Life;
Whoſe Eyes being waſht with ſweet warm
Their pungent Heat did ſoon decay. (Whey

CANTO VI.

NOW, by this Time, the travelling Sun
His long diurnal Race had run;
His fiery Steeds in Weſtern Pool
Had plung'd, their ſweaty Limbs to cool.
The ſable Night came on apace,
And ſpread with Darkneſs every Place;
Therefore long plaited Candles came,
Which lighted made a mighty Flame:
On ſtately Poles of cloven Wood
Diſpers'd about, each Candle ſtood;
That chas'd the Darkneſs clean away,
And made the Night as clear as Day.
Then *Gillo* ſaid, 'tis beſt, I think,
To be made Friends, ſhake Hands and drink:
Of Liquor I have Plenty ſtill,
Which you may drink when e'er you will.
Redmundo ſaid, by this good Light
I am reſolv'd again to fight;
Nor will I ſit, nor drink, nor eat,
Until that Coward I do beat;
And force him once away to run,
As he before hath often done.
In vain, good Sir, you me diſſwade,
Reſiſtleſs is the Vow I've made
Which Vow before I do recant,
The Pope ſhall turn a Proteſtant;

William, the King of *England*, ſhall
Of *Rome* be made a Cardinal;
And Lawyers (which is ſtranger News)
Their Fees, when offer'd, ſhall refuſe.
With that he croſt his Front and Eyes,
And on his Foe like Lightning flies.
To it they fall, like Cocks of Game,
Or like the Knights of ancient Fame.
Redmundo fought with Hands and Feet,
The other bit till's Teeth did meet;
And with his long and o'ergrown Nails,
Thoſe ready Arms which never fails,
He ſcratcht and ſqueakt like ſtruggling Rat
When taken by a lurking Cat;
For at that Trade, and pulling Hair,
No Mortal cou'd with him compare;
Except the Wife of *Priam*, which
Became at length a furious Bitch;
And kickt, and bit, and flung about,
And *Polymneſtor*'s Eyes pull'd out,
As Poets tell, when ſhe beheld
Her Husband, and her Children fell'd;
And ſaw the Ruin of the Town
Where ſhe firſt wore her wedding Gown,
And liv'd in Plenty and Renown.
The gaping Croud, who ſtill delight
To be Spectators at a Fight,
And who from Meat and Drink forbear,
To ſee a Scuffle at a Fair;
Or ſee two rival Dogs engage
About a Bitch in mighty Rage;
Preſt in apace, to feed their Eyes
And ſee the Iſſue of their Prize.
But *Gillo*, Maſter of the Treat
And Revels, made them all retreat,
And leave thoſe Champions Room enough
To wreſtle, ſcratch, to kick and cuff.
Sometimes with cloſe Embrace they hug,
With Art they trip, with Strength they tug;

And then the Hardneſs of their Skulls
They try, like Rams, or puſhing Bulls;
Which cou'd not but procure Delight,
Were he but there, to *Heraclite*.
Both ſweat, and pant, both puff and blow,
From Parts above, and Parts below;
And from their Noddles Blood doth flow.
And now they both together fall
To Ground, and in ſtrange Poſtures crawl;
Then up they ſtart, in mighty Rage,
And like fierce Maſtives do engage.
The Ring where they the Fight maintain'd,
With purple Gore was all diſtain'd
And ſlippery made, ſo that they fell
Oftimes, and tumbled mighty well.
Fortune, that blind, that fickle Maid,
Which does the bold and forward aid,
Whom all do fear, or do adore
From riſing Sun, to Weſtern Shore;
Whirled about her nimble Wheel
Whilſt they within the Ring did reel,
And fought ſo long with mighty Rage,
That nought their Anger cou'd aſſwage;
Until the Goddeſs chang'd her Mind,
And to *Redmundo* was inclin'd,
To whom ſhe now prov'd mighty kind:
Who, hugely vext, ſo long to be
Without a glorious Victory;
Together added all his Strength,
And tam'd the Bully at the length:
For at the laſt moſt bloody Bout
He knock'd two of his Grinders out;
And by hard Kicks, as they relate,
Made Wind burſt out from Poſtern-Gate;
Which is a thing more ſhameful there,
Than if you ſtole a Horſe or Mare;
And more undecent and unfit
Than if your Breeches you beſhit:
And if your Bed you did bepiſs,
It wou'd be leſſer Shame than this.

Now

Now *Bruno* runs, and ſhews ſwift Heels,
But (like a true Cock) never wheels;
The other cloſe purſues his Back,
Which he with mighty Stroakes doth thwack,
And kick'd him till he made him groan,
And at each Kick, to cry O hone.
Being thus depriv'd of Wind and Teeth,
He calls to's Friends for quick Relief,
Who, ſtepping in, did interpoſe,
And lent *Redmundo* many Blows:
Which when his Friends beheld, each Man
In haſte to his Aſſiſtance ran:
And now both Parties in a Rage
And mighty Fury do ingage:
With oaken Plant exalted high,
At one another they let fly,
And thraſh until their Bones do rattle,
Ne'er yet was fought a fiercer Battle:
Compar'd to this, like Counter-Scuffle
Was but an eaſie harmleſs Buſtle;
For there they fought but with their Food,
And did not loſe one Drop of Blood.
By Laſh of Eel ſome little Pain
Perhaps the Priſ'ners might ſuſtain,
By quaking Cuſtard, or hot Pye,
Which oft about their Ears did flie.
But Beggar's Bullets here were us'd,
Which, where they hit, before they bruis'd;
Some boldly charg'd with wooden Spits,
And with them gave unlucky Hits;
For tho' they pierce no Arms, nor Thighs,
Yet fairly thruſt out many Eyes.
The Madders here were thrown as faſt
About Mens Ears, as Hands cou'd caſt;
And with the Joints of half-torn Meat
They one another rudely treat:
Platters and Piſpots, every thing
That cou'd be mov'd, about they fling;
And ſeeing Fury Arms ſupply,
About the Houſe long Fire-brands fly.

Gillo

Gillo perceiving every Man
In Arms, unto a Potlid ran,
Which in his left Hand he did wield
Inſtead of a defenſive Shield;
A Churn-Staff, in his other Hand,
With Art and Strength he did command.
Being thus equipt, he thruſt among
The giddy, and unruly Throng,
And knock'd about, without leaſt Fear,
He car'd not whom, he car'd not where:
For Fury wou'd not let him know
His Friend, or Neighbour, from his Foe.
Villains, quoth he, and look'd moſt ſurly,
How dare you make this Hurly Burly
Within my Houſe, my Kingdom, where
I, like a Monarch, Rule ſhou'd bear;
By this Uproar you do conſpire
Perhaps to ſet my Houſe on fire;
See how about the Sparks do fly,
Like falling Stars from vaulted Sky.
To theſe his Words they gave no heed,
But ſtill to fight and bawl proceed,
And fling about, what e'er they found
In Side of Wall or on the Ground.
Gillo diſpleas'd, began to fret,
And ſtruck at every Man he met:
His Churn-Staff he imploy'd ſo well,
That many by it wounded fell:
But had not Potlid been his Friend,
With which he did himſelf defend,
He cou'd not well avoid the Fate
Of ſome Impreſſions on his Pate,
And having ſore and well thraſht Bones
By Stroke of Cudgels and of Stones:
Who fluſht with Fortune and good luck,
About him like *Don Quixot* ſtruck;
Until at length on Head he broke
His Churn-Staff with a mighty Stroke;
Which done, a blazing Candle came
And ſet his forked Beard on Flame,

And

And burnt his Noſe, his Lips, and Eyes,
Which made him fill the Houſe with Cries
And loud Complaints; he curs'd and ſwore,
And foam'd at Mouth like hunted Boar.
My Beard, ſaid he, my Beard is burn'd,
And into Duſt and Atoms turn'd;
Thrice curſed be the Hand that threw
The Candle, O my Beard, at you:
I'd rather loſe, by Book I ſwear,
My fat brown Cow or long tail'd Mare;
But tho' this Loſs to me is Pain,
My Beard, in Time, will grow again:
O had I knew who burnt me thus,
I on him wou'd enraged ruſh,
And after many Drubbings made,
I'd tear his Arm from's Shoulder-Blade.
The Noiſe at length ſo wrought upon
Th' acouſtick Nerves of *Preſter John*,
That up he ſtarts from female Lap,
Where he profoundly took a Nap,
And gravely did to preach begin,
And tell the People of their Sin;
Of Drunk'nneſs, Anger, Envy, Pride,
Quarrels, and many things beſide;
But he as well might preach to Stones,
Or to a Heap of dead Mens Bones,
As by his Preachment there to think
T'allay a Devil rais'd by Drink;
By whoſe Impulſe the rabble Rout
At th'holy Man began to ſtout;
And not content with this, they flung
On him a Vizard of Cow-Dung,
With which his Face was ſo deform'd,
That thus he in his Paſſion ſtorm'd;
With Candleſtick, with Book, and Bell,
I curſe you all, quoth he, to Hell:
For this Offence, be ſure, I'll make
The ſtouteſt of your Hearts to ake;
The Diſciplina you ſhall get,
I'll laſh you, till you Blood do ſweat:

About the Rick, your Knees on Stones,
Shall walk, till they do bruize your Bones.
I'll ne'er forget what you have done,
Through all this Penance you ſhall run;
Fight on, and bawl, and curſe, and ſwear,
And ſink or ſwim, I do not care;
Another Game I will purſue,
And ſo you drunken Beaſts adieu.
He ſaid; and from them went in haſte,
Where Barrel of ſtrong Beer was plac'd;
With which when he had waſh'd away
The Dirt that on his Viſage lay,
And oft it ſwallow'd down enough,
And purg'd his Head with *Spaniſh* Snuff,
He call'd unto him Miſtreſs *Siſs*,
Whom he did often hug and kiſs,
And brought her with him to his Bed,
To ſport a While and grope his Head.

CANTO VII.

NOR were the Women idle here,
As by their Actions will appear;
For they, when preſent at a Fray,
Like *Amazons*, their Parts do play;
And to that End they ſeldom pare
Their Nails, that they may wound and tear:
Gormly provok'd by *Sheela Roe*,
At her a huge Snuſh-Box did throw,
And proudly ſtrutting ſaid, her Sire
Was near a-kin to great *Mc.Guire*,
Who once enjoy'd a great Eſtate,
And liv'd at a prodigious Rate,
Tho' now reduc'd by cruel Fate.
And that ſhe was by Mother's Side,
To *Cormuck More Mc.Gragh* ally'd;

Who

Who in his Houſe three Harps did keep,
And kill'd each Week a Brace of Sheep;
And every Month at leaſt a Cow,
Which he to's Houſe did ſtill allow.
Moreover ſaid, ſhe and her Spouſe,
Had Harp and Tables in their Houſe;
In ſpacious Fields, had Cows and Sheep,
And did great many Servants keep.
I wonder therefore, how you dare,
You bold fac'd Trull, with me compare;
You Beggar's Brat, notorious Thief,
To whom in Jail I've ſent Relief,
And many times your naked Britch
Have cloath'd, you damn'd confounded Bitch.
To whom thus *Sheela* did reply,
Emitting Fury from each Eye;
You have ſome worthy Friends, its true,
But they are all aſham'd of you;
You croſs, malicious, jilting Whore,
Shall I, without Return, endure
Thoſe Words your Malice made you vent,
No, no, I'll be in Pieces rent
Sooner than I, abus'd, forbear
T' acquaint the World with what you are.
Why, what am I, the other ſaid,
You Slattern, I am not afraid
Of your ſad Threats, nor am aſham'd
If all my Actions were proclaim'd?
Before I wedded was, I had
In wanton Years by Stealth a Lad;
But afterwards at length was wed
To him that got my Maiden-Head;
He was a Man of gentle Blood,
And *French* and *Latin* underſtood;
At Tables, Cards, and Dice cou'd play,
If this be all that you can ſay;
Or 'gainſt my Credit can object,
Your Charge is of no great Effect:
I've more to ſay, notorious Bitch,
Common as Barber's Chair, or Ditch.

Sheela

Sheela enraged, ſoon reply'd,
Your Honeſty has oft been try'd
At Home, in Camp, and in the Field;
But ſtill your paſſive Bum did yield
To Soldiers, Troopers, and Dragoons;
And in the Stables, to the Grooms:
Your Lewdneſs ſince a marry'd Wife,
Shortned, I'm ſure, your Husband's Life;
He watch'd you oft, you luſtful Sow,
As *Argus* once watch'd *Juno*'s Cow;
But notwithſtanding all his Care,
You to your Haunts did ſtill repair;
And there you wanton, craving Brute,
For hire your ſelf did proſtitute.
I was ('tis true) for Debt in Jail,
But ne'er got living by my Tail:
I had ſome Friends as great and good
As any of your boaſted Blood,
Who, when they heard I was confin'd,
To me I real Friends did find;
They me releas'd, and paid my Debt,
A Kindneſs I will ne'er forget.
My Father was a Gentleman,
The beſt but two of all his Clan,
Who, for his King, and Country's Sake,
His Life, and all he had did ſtake;
He was related to the beſt
Of *Mac*'s and O's in all the Weſt;
To great O *Rork Mc.Dermot Roe*,
And *Ow'n Mc.Teige* of *Ballinſloe*;
Who in his Houſe had always Meat
Even for a Hundred Men to eat;
And of ſtrong Butter had ſuch ſtore,
As might maintain as many more.
My Mother was near Coſſen to
Ferdoragh Oge Mc.Gillernew,
Whoſe Grandſire once had ſome few Land,
Tenants, and Servants at Command;
I've learnt my Book, and Samplar too,
That's more than can be ſaid of you.

On theſe Accounts I therefore dare
With you, you fiery Pate, compare:
And for the Snuſh-Box you have thrown,
Be pleas'd, ſaid ſhe, to pick this Bone.
It was the Jaw-Bone of a Hog,
Found lately drown'd by chance in Bog;
But being dreſt by *Gillo*'s Cook,
As well as th'other Meat did look.
With this huge Bone ſhe made a Stroke,
And *Sheela*'s Noddle fairly broke.
Sheela enrag'd, a Globe of Thread
Let nimbly fly at *Gormly*'s Head.
Then both in haſte tore Spoaks from Wheel,
And thumpt about till they did reel.
The other Women, in a Rage
Took Arms, and briskly did engage.
Some join'd themſelves to *Sheela*'s Side,
And ſome with *Gormly* did abide:
Bread, Sticks, and Tongs, nay, every Thing
That cou'd be mov'd, about they fling.
In Wheel there was not left a Spoak,
With which ſome Craniums were not broke.
They ſcratcht, they tore, without Regard,
And neither Hair nor Faces ſpar'd.
Among the Men they mixt at length,
And there exert their Art, and Strength.
With loud Hububs, their Country Cries,
They fill the Houſe in dreadful wiſe.
Who ſuffer'd moſt, 'tis hard to tell,
But many of both Parties fell.
Some under Foot lay ſeeming dead,
Their Cloaths turn'd up as far as Head,
With Cow-Dung on their Buttocks ſpread.
The Men upon the Women lay,
And Women on the Men, they ſay.
In Cattle's Urine, Dirt, and Mud,
Some far above the Ankles ſtood:
Some had their Faces plaiſter'd o'er
With clotted Milk, and reeking Gore:

Some had their Hair pull'd up by Root,
And moſt had Faces patcht with Soot.
Thoſe that had Eyes were black and blue,
And of their Teeth ſome loſt a few.
Deep Furrows were in ev'ry Face,
From whence the Blood diſtill'd apace.
Now during this moſt bloody Fight,
Bruno, you know, play'd leaſt in Sight;
For being foil'd, he ran away,
And under Heaps of Fodder lay;
In Crib, at farther End of Houſe
Where *Gillo* kept ſome of his Cows.
To this Aſylum having fled
With well kick'd Bum and broken Head,
No Tongue, nor Pen can fully tell
The Thoughts that in his Soul did dwell.
For being chas'd, he was leſs vext,
Than for his Teeth, which him perplext;
For in that occidental Place
Their Proverb ſays, 'tis leſs Diſgrace
To ſave your ſelf by nimble Flight
Than ſtill to ſtand and faintly fight.
Sometime he thought, if found by Chance,
To ſeem as in a Swoon or Trance;
That ſo they might ſome Pity take,
And ſpare him for his Weakneſs Sake:
But after many Thoughts revolv'd,
He firmly was at length reſolv'd,
If Fate wou'd pleaſe, to ſteal among
The giddy and confuſed Throng,
And by a quick ſurprizing Blow,
To be revenged on his Foe;
By right or wrong, to knock him down
As flat as Flounder to the Ground.
With that he peep'd from under Straw,
And within Reach a Dung-Fork ſaw,
Which gladly to him he doth draw;
And ſaid, now Fortune me aſſiſt
Againſt my grand Antagoniſt,

In

ıſpire me now with Courage bold,
hat this long Bident, which I hold,
lay be ſo well imploy'd, that I
y it may make *Redmundo* fly;
nd be a Terror to all thoſe
Vho take his Part, and me oppoſe:
Vere he but here, I think, I durſt
t him make ſuch another Thruſt;
ut worſe than this which, gentle Cow,
n jeſt I practiſe on you now.
he Brute being hurt, did *Bruno* gore,
Vhich made him ſhout and loudly roar:
lad he not turn'd his A——ſe about,
he Cow had let his Entrails out;
ut in his Podex he was hurt,
Vhence dropt ſome Blood, and ſtinking Dirt;
nd ever after did lament
Torment in his Fundament:
nd tho' he roar'd, and roar'd aloud,
he conjunct *Stentors* of the Croud
Vith Eaſe ſuppreſt, and wholly drown'd
is ſingle and more feeble Sound;
o that they did not hear at all,
Vhen *Bruno* wounded thus did bawl:
his Wound behind did fret him more
han that *Redmundo* gave before;
Vhich made him rail on's cruel Fate,
nd thus the Cow did imprecate:
hou curſed Cow, let ſome kind Dog
hace you ere long into a Bog,
ſinking Bog, where you may lye
ong Time in Pain before you dye.
ft may you wiſh, but wiſh in vain,
or ſome to rid you of your Pain;
et *Gillo* often ſearch about,
ut never, never find you out;
ntil the croaking Ravens pull
he very Eyes out of your Skull,
nd till the Dogs and Wolves do feaſt
pon your Bones, you curſed Beaſt;

Who, for ſmall Fault, your Horn did dart
Into my fundamental Part.
As thus he curſed, and did grin
As if he on cloſe Stool had been,
Looking about, by chance he ſpy'd,
Hanging on Wall, a Cow's black Hide;
Which he from thence pull'd ſoftly down,
And round about his Body bound:
And that he might affright the more,
His Face with Soot he rubbed o'er,
Deform'd his Hands and Dung-Fork too,
So that they all were of a Hue;
A burning Stick he held between
His Teeth, moſt dreadful to be ſeen;
And now like ſome ſtrange Monſter ſeem'd,
Or like a Devil might be deem'd.
Being thus diſguis'd with ſmoaky Soot,
And with a horny ſtrange Surtout,
A Cow he backward did beſtride,
But there a Minute ſcarce did ride
(Whirling his Firebrand round about,
To terrifie the drunken Rout,
And ſometime grunting like a Sow,
And ſometime roaring like a Cow)
Till he were ſeen; all were amaz'd,
And at him as a Monſter gaz'd.
One ſaid, diſtracted with great Fear,
It was ſome ſtrange cornuted Bear;
A Minotaure, another ſwore,
For like a Bull he heard him roar;
Obſerve his double Form and Face,
And this Opinion you'll embrace.
Some others ſaid, they cou'd not tell
But it was Devil come from Hell;
For theſe foul Fiends do change their Shapes
To Monkeys, Cows, Dogs, Bears, or Apes;
And as *Pædano* ſays, with Eaſe
Can turn themſelves to Mice or Fleas;
The Changes he in *Ovid* read,
This Opinion in him bred.

Syringo, who much Wealth had got
By Urinal and Chamber-Pot,
And was accounted wiſe and great,
Said, he ſuppos'd it was a Cheat.
Gillo being ask'd, declared that
It really was —— he knew not what;
But did adviſe, that Father *John*
Should, without ſtay, be called upon:
Who being come, at firſt Sight ſaid,
It was a De'el in Maſquerade;
I ſee, ſaid he, if Eyes not fail,
His cloven Feet, and dangling Tail;
And let him be what Fiend he will,
I have ſuch Charms, ſuch Spells and Skill,
That I can exorciſe, and chace
His grim Devilſhip from this Place.
'Twas I alone, I'd have him know,
That rais'd him from the Shades below;
You know I curs'd you all by Bell,
By Book, and Candle, down to Hell;
The Offence you gave did this require,
But if I can, he ſhall retire
If you'll repent, and me well hire.
They promis'd all kind Hands to ſhake,
And any Penance undertake;
And that they wou'd their Lives amend,
If he wou'd make the Spright deſcend:
Moreover ſwore, that he ſhou'd have
For his Reward what he wou'd crave.
But cunning Prieſt, was fearful that
He ſhou'd be ſerv'd as Mouſe ſerv'd Cat,
And wou'd not ſtir one Foot, he ſaid,
Unleſs he firſt were partly paid.
Many therefore, through Fear, were kind,
And Money for his Purſe did find.
The Women who were lately ſtout,
And who like *Penthefilea's* fought;
Freely ingag'd to contribute
To buy him Frize for a Surtout,
And gentle Cloth for inward Suit,

If by his Magick he could chace
The ugly Devil from that Place.
They trembling ſaid, it was a Sight
That did their fainting Souls affright.

CANTO VIII.

THE Prieſt, who Wonders cou'd perform,
And Bodies often did transform,
Boldly begins his Pranks to play,
That he the Spirit might allay,
And gravely ſtepping forward ſaid,
Stay all behind that are afraid:
In one of's Hands a conjuring Book
He held, on which he oft did look;
With which he croſt his Face and Breaſt,
And many juggling Words expreſt,
And Augur-like in th'other Hand
He held a long white Hazle-Wand,
With which he many Circles drew,
Eccentrick and concentrick too,
Some Croſſes and Triangles were,
Within the Circles, here and there:
Water and Salt he had beſide,
Wherein he moſtly did confide;
For theſe, if ſanctifi'd, be ſure,
No Witch or Devil can endure.
Being furniſh'd thus, with theſe brave Charms,
Which he accounted beſt of Arms,
He loudly ſaid, what e'er thou art,
From hence, I charge you, to depart;
Deſcend, foul Fiend, vaniſh, be gone
To muddy Styx or Acheron;
There domineer, and there remain
Until I ſend for thee again.
Bruno, the ſuppos'd Devil, ſaid,
I'll not deſcend till I be paid

For

For the long Journey I did take,
On your Account, from *Stygian* Lake;
Theſe Words with hollow, grunting Voice
He roar'd and made a helliſh Noiſe;
Then from the Cow, came ſlipping down,
And with a terrifying Frown
He forward towards the Circle ſtept,
Which by the Prieſt was watcht and kept
With Diligence and mighty Care,
Yet not without ſome little Fear;
And therefore oft theſe Words did ſay,
Apage hinc, exorcizo te.
Bruno pretending to retreat,
Made th'other think his Charms were great,
By whoſe vaſt Pow'r he durſt not bring,
Nor ſet his Foot within the Ring:
But he return'd with Force, and made
As if the Circle he'd invade;
And with the Dung-Fork thruſt ſo faſt,
That *Preſter John* retir'd at laſt;
Who, being concern'd it ſhou'd be ſaid
He left his Poſt, or was afraid,
Took Courage then, and did beſpatter
Bruno's Face with ſalted Water;
Which made him 'mong the Cows retire,
And made the Prieſt his Art admire;
Who now being ſure, that he cou'd chaſe
The ugly Devil from that Place,
From Circle's Brink did often bawl,
And loudly on the Dæmon call,
And us'd his utmoſt Skill and Art
To make him from the Houſe depart:
Be gone, ſaid he, Satan, avoid,
By me thy Drift ſhall be deſtroy'd;
I thee command to diſappear,
Thou haſt no Right in any here:
They're mine, and I will them defend,
In vain with me you do contend,
Therefore to *Pluto*'s Court deſcend;

And

And to the helliſh Crew complain.
How all your Labour was in vain;
How I in counter Charms excel
All Men that on the Earth do dwell;
How by the Water, which I caſt,
I made you run away at laſt.
Tho' *Bruno* heard, he wou'd not hear,
Nor for the Prieſt wou'd diſappear,
Altho' he exorciz'd as faſt
As he about cou'd Water caſt.
Now when he thus did exorcize,
Bruno from Crib the Cows unties,
And them through Circle drives upon
Poor Water-flinging Father *John*;
Who labour'd hard, but all in vain,
To make the Brutes retire again;
For as the Saying is you know,
Whom Devil drives he needs muſt go.
The Prieſt reduc'd to this great Strait,
Deplor'd his own, and Peoples State;
Himſelf and them he often bleſt,
And judging all the Cows poſſeſt,
To run away he thought was beſt.
Bruno perceiving he turn'd Tail,
And that his Project wou'd prevail,
Forc'd on the Cows, and thruſt among
The frighted and retreating Throng;
Who, ſeeing what their Guide had done,
Away like him began to run,
Not at all daring to reſiſt
Such a deform'd Antagoniſt;
Who, lately Coward, now grew ſtout,
And put to Flight the rabble Rout,
And like a Devil knockt about.
On Heaps the frighted Mortals lay,
Not knowing what to do or ſay;
Many o'er one another run,
That they the dreadful Sight might ſhun;
Many ſunk down even in the Place
For Fear, nor durſt hold up their Face.

Bruno

Bruno enrag'd, ran round about
To find his Friend *Redmundo* out;
On whom when he had caſt his Eyes,
Full of Revenge he at him flies.
Redmundo lately Victor runs,
And *Bruno* as a *Spectrum* ſhuns,
Never ſuſpecting him the Man
Who from *Athlone* to *Aghrim* ran
For Fear, or that he was the ſame
Whoſe Courage he did lately tame:
A Fight more comick ne'er was ſeen
Than what ſome time paſſed between
Theſe Two, one in his Heels did truſt,
The other with his Dung-Fork thruſt,
And with it oft his Foe did thwack
Acroſs the Shoulders and the Back,
So that his very Bones did crack:
And tho' he was accounted ſtout,
For Fear, he never fac'd about;
But here and there, he thruſt among
The gaping and confuſed Throng;
Becauſe he thought (which was untrue)
He with a Devil had to do;
And thinking thus, he ſtill did run
Among the Crowd, that he might ſhun
Receiving of another Blow
From ſuch a cruel deviliſh Foe;
Which with long Weapon lately made,
Impreſſions on his Shoulder-Blade,
His Ribs, and Back, and Cranium too,
Which needs muſt be of livid Hue;
And by hard Strokes were made more ſore
Than e'er they were in War before.
Being thus reduc'd, and chas'd like Hare
Before a Greyhound, here and there;
Such was his great unuſual Fright,
That it gave Wings unto his Flight,
And made him run at ſuch a Rate,
That *Bruno* cou'd not reach his Pate,

Nor

Nor touch his Shoulders, Bum, or Back,
Which he ſtill hugely long'd to thwack;
And on him freely to beſtow,
With all his Strength, a parting Blow:
And having thus miſt of his Prey,
Becauſe the Croud ſtopt up his Way,
Without Remorſe, without Regard,
He neither of the Sexes ſpar'd;
But in eſpecial Manner thoſe
Who, with *Redmundo*, 'gainſt him roſe,
He greeted with robuſtious Blows.
Th' affrighted Mortals from him ran
As from a Devil, not a Man;
In Heaps they tumbled o'er and o'er,
As Waves come rowling towards the Shore,
And like the raging Waves they roar;
And drive the yielding Air with Groans,
With loud Accents, and ſad O hones.
To *Patrick* then their own dear Saint,
They jointly made a loud Complaint,
And to him many Prayers ſent
To help them in this Exigent:
Many to *Columkill* did cry,
Who in their Iſle did live and dye;
And holy *Bridget* all the She's
Invok'd upon their bended Knees.
(For theſe, as in ſome Books we find
Reſtored Sight unto the Blind,
And from the Grave did many raiſe,
If all be true the Legends ſays;)
And did the Aid of many more
In this great Strait on Beads implore,
Which they repeated Ten Times o'er:
For there (a moſt approved Way)
By Decads they are wont to pray.
But not a Saint they did invoke,
Defended them from one ſmall Stroke;
Nor heard perhaps, tho' all the while,
(Like the loud Cataracts of *Nile*)

They

They roar'd, and with ſhrill Shrieks and Cries
They ſeem'd to reach the vaulted Skies;
And on their Patrons often bawl'd,
And loudly for Aſſiſtance call'd.
But *Bruno* heard, and was as glad
As they dejected Souls, were ſad;
Within himſelf he ſweetly ſmil'd,
To think how he had them beguil'd;
And therefore for his good Succeſs,
His happy Stars did often bleſs;
Who, being but only one, did make
So many Men for Fear to quake:
For Art, when Strength, and Courage fails,
(Experience teaches) oft prevails:
With full Revenge, not glutted yet,
His Mind was on more Miſchief ſet;
Which made him like a Champion ſtout,
To kick, and puſh, and knock about
The non-reſiſting paſſive Rout:
On whom his Wrath he exercis'd,
And like a Coward tyranniz'd.
Now ſurely this, or none at all,
We may Obedience paſſive call.
And as he thus went threſhing on,
He tumbl'd over Father *John*;
Who, nimbly riſing, ran away,
Repeating *exorcizo te.*
Bruno got up, but did deſiſt
To proſecute the Exorciſt;
And not a little was afraid,
Leſt he by falling was betray'd,
Which might diſcover all his Tricks,
His Stratagems, and Politicks;
Therefore he wiſely did conclude,
Among the Cattle to intrude;
Which he, by Force, drove in among
The half diſtracted frighted Throng.
The Brutes inclos'd, ſtrove to get out,
And with their Horns they toſt about,

And

And many of the Croud they puſht,
And under Foot they ſtrangely cruſht.
Gillo perceiving that his Cows
Did act like Tyrants in his Houſe,
Like a diſtracted, furious Man,
In haſte unto a Hatchet ran,
Which heaving up, he made a Stroke,
And Head of foremoſt Cow he broke.
The Brute, which heretofore was tame,
Now mad as baited Bull became;
She ran, ſhe toſt, and roar'd aloud,
Like Thunder breaking from a Cloud,
To the Amazement of the Croud.
Happy was he that got away,
And did not feel her Horns that Day:
Some clamber'd up on Side of Wall,
And tir'd with ſticking, down do fall;
In haſte behind Ruſh Bags of Meal,
Others their Bodies do conceal;
And ſome, the furious Beaſt to ſhun,
Behind great Cheſts for Safety run.
Gillo obſerving in what wiſe
The half-kill'd Cow did tyrannize,
Whom, from a Calf, his Wife had bred,
And with her Hands had often fed;
His heavy Ax advanc'd again,
With full Intent the Cow to brain;
And twice in clumſy Fiſt did ſpit,
That he with greater Force might hit:
But miſſing aim, the Hatchet flies
From off the Helve, 'twixt *Bruno*'s Eyes:
Yelling aloud, he fell to Ground,
And made the Houſe with Noiſe reſound;
And the poor Devil did ſuſtain
By ſuch a Knock exceſſive Pain,
And often tumbled up and down,
And ſometimes lay as in a Swoon:
Yet of the Croud poſſeſt with Fear,
Before him cloſe none durſt appear;

For

For all ſuſpected his Deceit,
And therefore from him did retreat;
Being confounded and amaz'd,
They only at a Diſtance gaz'd;
Nay, ſome there was (ſuch was their Flight)
That cou'd not well endure the Sight
Of ſuch a dreadful ugly Spright;
But clos'd, or turn'd their Eyes away,
Whilſt he in his great Torture lay;
Who now perceiving how they fled
From him alone, when almoſt dead,
Got by Degrees ſo much of Strength
As rais'd him on his Feet at length;
And then began afreſh to roar,
Far more dreadful than before;
Which put ſuch Terror in the Croud,
That they, like him, roar'd all aloud;
And many out of Doors did run,
As at Beginning ſome had done,
That they the Devil's Strokes might ſhun.
But by the Darkneſs of the Night,
Mixt with ſome ſmall glimmering Light,
Each Buſh they ſaw did them affright;
Which made ſome run in haſte again
Back to the Houſe from whence they came,
But durſt not enter in, for fear
Their great Tormentor being there;
And therefore 'bout the Houſe they lay,
And Ditches, till the Peep of Day:
And as *Aurora* left the Bed
Of old *Tithonus*, home they fled:
And told the Plenty of the Meat,
With which brave *Gillo* did them treat:
What Uſquebah and Beer they had
Let down their Throats, till they grew mad;
What bloody Battles thence aroſe;
What Kicks, what Thumps, what heavy Blows
And that a Cacodæmon came,
Who did their drunken Fury tame;

Whom all the Words the Prieſt did ſay,
Tho' mighty Charms, cou'd not allay:
The more the Exorciſt did charm,
The leſs he did the Devil harm.
Now tattling Fame, that takes Delight
To liſten at Mens Doors at Night,
And with her many Eyes and Ears,
What's done within both ſees and hears;
Like flying Poſt, runs up and down,
From Coaſt to Coaſt, from Town to Town;
And as about ſhe gladly goes,
Like rowling Snow-Ball greater grows,
And ten Times more, where'er ſhe came,
Than ſhe was told, ſhe doth proclaim;
For ſhe an arrant Lye, as well
As Truth at any time, can tell:
Her diſmal News ſpreads far and near,
Made ſome to laugh, made others fear;
And many to the Houſe did run,
Where all theſe comick Pranks were done,
That they the certain Truth might know,
If tattling Fame were true or no;
Where, when they came, there did appear,
In ev'ry Face a mighty Fear,
Altho' the ugly Fiend was gone,
As they were told by Father *John*;
And that like Owls, all Spirits ſhun
The Light, which uſhers in the Sun.
When *Gillo*, to his Comfort, ſaw
The dreadful Monſter did withdraw,
And that the Fields and Coaſts were clear,
Like Champion bold he did appear;
And ſwore the Gueſts that he did treat,
Were Cowards, and not worth their Meat:
That for his Part, by lucky Chance,
He almoſt ſtruck into a Trance
The ugly Monſter, and did make
Him roar and tumble, ſpurn and quake;
And if he wou'd return again,
He wou'd alone with him maintain

A Battle, and wou'd ſooner dye,
Than from him like a Coward fly.
As thus he bragg'd, he grop'd about
His Head, and ſwore his Brains were out;
And roar'd aloud, O cruel Fate;
O ſilly *Gillo*! brainleſs Pate.
And muſt theſe ſtrong ſupporting Bones
Be preſt with Earth, and heavy Stones;
And ſhall my graceful Beard now have
Its Lodging in a ſtinking Grave;
But yet, becauſe I feel ſmall Pain,
I may, perhaps, without a Brain,
For ſome few Months, alive remain.
Now fearful *Gillo*, all this while,
The Strength of Fancy did beguile;
For having under Hen-roof fled,
The Poultry muted on his Head:
At length perceiving that his Brain
Within the Shell did ſtill remain,
Like wanton Kid did leap about,
Becauſe his Brains were not yet out.
A Council now together came,
Of Prieſts, and other Men of Fame;
Who, after ſome Hours ſerious Chat,
They jointly all concluded that
Gillo's Houſe was made unfit
For Chriſtian Men to dwell in it;
Becauſe it was polluted and poſſeſt,
And therefore muſt by them be bleſt:
And muſt be ſcourg'd, and ſoundly laſh'd,
And with Luſtration Water waſh'd.
The augean Stable being clean,
And purg'd with Toil, great Care, and Pain;
Gillo into the Fabrick went,
Where he a Month had ſcarcely ſpent,
When *Bruno*'s Beaſt, by Power of Beer,
Like Graſs tranſparent, did appear;
Which made him vent the Story how
'Twas he rode backward on the Cow,

That

That did the Priest and People chace,
To his Renown, and their Disgrace.
Some *Bruno*'s Part did then defend,
And for his Wit did him commend.
Others there were, whose Smart and Pain,
By *Bruno*'s Strokes, did yet remain;
Who swore the Rascal shou'd repent
For the sad Strokes he to them lent;
And that he was as great a Rogue
As ever put his Foot in *Brogue*:
Which *Bruno* hearing, full of Dread,
From House and Country wou'd have fled;
But that his Friends did him assure,
From Anger they would him secure;
Which they perform'd, at length all Jars,
Debates, and Feuds, and Civil Wars,
'Twixt *Bruno* and his angry Foes,
Who at the first fell by his Blows;
Was turn'd to Mirth and Laughter loud,
And made the Sport of every Croud,
And serv'd the School-Boys as a Theme
To versifie, and to declaim.

FINIS.